

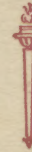
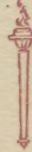
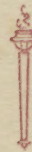
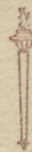
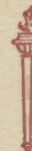
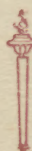
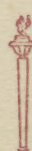
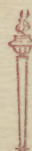
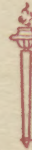
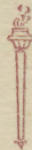
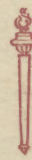
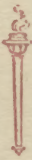
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THE
**PINKERTON
CRITIC**
PINKERTON ACADEMY



FEBRUARY 1919



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The Pinkerton Critic.

VOL. X.

DERRY, N. H., FEBRUARY, 1919

NO. 6

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DERRY, N. H., 1918. ||

EDITORIAL

We are all glad to welcome Mr. Walbridge to Pinkerton, and wish him the best of success and happiness during his stay here.

New Years' Resolutions.

How many of us made any New Year's resolutions? Nowadays people seem to look upon the making of New Year's resolutions as a somewhat silly, old fashioned custom; but that is only when they get away from the true spirit of the idea.

Making New Year's resolutions does not mean writing out a list of things which we intend to do—or not to do—during the coming year. It means a renewed purpose to do our best in everything which we undertake. To be more ready to help those around us; and to try to live nearer to our ideals than ever before.

With the beginning of a new year, a new page of our life is opened to us; new opportunities to make ourselves of service to those about us. That should be our first resolution each new year.

Miss Gracia Moule.

The closing days of the Fall term were saddened by the sudden and unexpected death of Miss Gracia Moule. Miss Moule came to the Academy in September, as teacher in English. Of quiet retiring manner, of earnest and painstaking effort in all her work, she had made a place in our affectionate regard. Her influence upon the student life was splendid because her fine Christian character

was apparent in her daily relations with all whom she met.

Miss Moule was a native of New York State, but her home had been in Portland, Oregon for several years. At Portland she prepared for college, attended the University of California for one year, and graduated three years later from Wellesley College, in June 1917. Last year she taught in Franconia, N. H.

A Model Recitation.

'Tis Never Thus in P. A.

Any classroom at any hour. The teacher very smilingly addressing her class. "Since this is review I expect a perfect recitation. Please pay good attention and make as few mistakes as possible. Lizzie will you begin?"

Lizzie, innocently, "Where."

Teacher, "On page 178, at the top of the page."

Lizzie, "Oh my! I haven't done that, I didn't know we had it."

Disgust on the face of the teacher who exclaims "George!"

"I don't know where she left off." Merry ha-ha from rest of class. The lesson is finally begun and progresses well several minutes, until suddenly a note flies in the air at the rear of the room.

"Miss Jones, did you throw that note?"

"No'm"—meekly.

"Haynes, did you?"

"Huh?"

"Is it yours?"

"What?"

"Will the 'person' who threw that note please rise!"

Extreme quietness.

"Miss Clark, is it yours?"

"Yes'm."

"I didn't think it possible that you would do such a thing. Are you not ashamed?"

"Oh! I didn't throw it."

"You didn't! I understood you to say that you did!"

"No I said it was mine—someone sent it to me."

When the note question is settled the recitation is resumed.

The teacher who is holding (or trying to hold a French recitation) tries some conversation in French.

"Jean, auriez vous Francais?"

"Je ne sais pas."

"Quel temp fait-il?"

"Je ne sais pas."

"Vous portez vous bien?"

"Je ne sais pas."

"Tres bien."

John sits with the feeling that he has shown remarkable intelligence. At that moment several visitors appear at the door which embarrasses the teacher. After having given them chairs, she says, "This is the beginning class in French. We are just taking up to-morrow's work.

Class please turn to page 179."

"Lillian may read the first exercise in French!"

Lillian, whose feet seem suddenly to be seized with St. Vitus' dance, says faintly, "I have a cold" (coughing) "I don't believe I can!"

The bell rings, the teacher looks at the class, benevolently, and says, "I think we have covered to-day's lesson thoroughly; take the next one in advance. Class may be excused.

W. R. '19.

The Ambulance Girl

"I do want to do something for France." Helen Seaman exclaimed as she was walking down the avenue d'e l' Opera with a little French lady. Madame Beaujouan tried to comfort her and assured her that she was doing her best in taking charge of the household.

Five years before, Mrs. Seaman and her two children had come to visit France but liked it so well that they had made it their home. When the war broke out, Mrs. Seaman offered her services as nurse, and twenty-year old Ralph had been one of the first to volunteer in the Ambulance Corps.

News came that Ralph's chum, Frank Craig, had been wounded. Mrs. Seaman immediately arranged to go to him. Helen begged to go too. Her mother gained permission from the French officers with little trouble. They were taken to a little

town near Pont-a-Moisson. Early the next morning Mrs. Seaman went to see Frank whom she found resting comfortably.

As Ralph was stationed in another sector and would not return until the following morning, the French Colonel invited them to visit a poste de secours. Just before they reached their destination they passed through several trenches which served as a protection from German bullets. At this little emergency station the wounded were given first-aid and then taken to the nearest hospital by ambulance.

Suddenly a wild shriek was heard. It came nearer and nearer, growing louder and louder, finally ending in a terrific crash. "A German shell," the French officer said calmy. The bombardment continued. The door opened and two men bearing a stretcher, stumbled in. Mrs. Seaman

began to help the surgeon at once. Helen was very proud of her mother as she watched. The odor of the disinfectant choked her and forced her to go to the door. She was conscious that the young ambulance driver had started to crank his car and that he had fallen half-fainting at her feet. His wrist was broken. If someone did not take his place the wounded poilu would not arrive at the hospital in time.

Helen exclaimed "I will take the man to the hospital." The surgeon was amazed. In a few minutes, however, she had won her point, and, after listening to the young driver's directions, drove away. She passed out of the range of rifle-fire and had only the shells to fear. Perhaps there would be no more.

Suddenly, the shriek of a shell sounded. It seemed as if she must

get out of the car and run to a place of safety, but one look at the wounded man restored her courage and she went on faster than before, guiding the ambulance carefully over the shell-torn road. At last she reached the hospital. There beside another ambulance she saw Ralph.

After the bombardment ceased, Mrs. Seaman returned to Dieulouard where the family spent a happy evening together. The proudest moment in Helen's life came the next morning after they had taken their places in the auto which was to take them back to Paris. The young men of the corps thanked her for saving the poilu's life and praised her courage. They had unanimously elected her honorary member of "Section Ten, American Ambulance Field Service." As the car started away they shouted, "Hurrah for the ambulance-girl!"

M. W. '19.

"Letters from Boys Over There"

The following letters that have been received from former graduates were written some time ago but may prove of some interest to the readers of this paper as they give descriptions of interesting places in France.

Somewhere in France,
Nov. 11, 1918.

Dear Mother:

Well, I suppose there's "something doing" alright in the States now, isn't there?

There's no doubt about it now. It's

all over. The French people are ringing bells and celebrating after four long years of war.

We moved from Camp de Mencon since I wrote you last. I am not allowed to tell you where but it isn't much of a place. There is absolutely no drinking water here at all. It has to be boiled before we are allowed to drink it. Even washing one's face and hands is quite a proposition and as for a bath it seems to be almost out of the question.

It's awfully muddy here and it's the kind of mud that sticks like glue. But what do we care? Things like that don't bother us much. We are getting used to them now. We are still getting plenty to eat and that helps a lot.

Well, I suppose that everyone is waiting anxiously until we come back and I hope it won't be long. Of course we can't all be first and it will be the ones who went to the front who will go first.

Well, I hope that this will find you all feeling well and that by the time that this reaches you the "Flu" will be in full retreat.

Love from,

EARLE R. RICHARDSON,
Battery B, 111th F. A. A. E. F. Via
N. Y.

Aix-le-Bains, France,
Aug. 29, 1918.

My Dear Brother:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am still on earth and enjoying life more than ever before.

You see, it is this way. As luck would have it my name was drawn to be the first one from our detachment to take advantage of a seven-day leave in the Savoie Leave Area. So, on Sunday last I began my tour of France. After two days of misery, (traveling in French railroads) having traveled half way across France, I arrived at Aix-le-Bains. That trip was one of those never to be forgotten, but careful to whom narrated affairs.

Aix-le-Bains is a city in the Savoie

Leave Area which has been set aside for the U. S. troops on leave. Our government has taken the area over and has established a fine place for us. The city is situated among the French Alps and is on the east side of Lake Burget, the largest lake in France, so I understand. This lake is in the Savoie Leave Area which borders on Italy. A more beautiful or picturesque place could not be found in all France. Transportation to and from this area is furnished by our government and board and room is furnished free while we are here.

The government has taken over some of the best hotels in the Area and in them we spend our seven days. I am at a fine hotel, have a fine room and they set a good table. The Y. M. C. A. has taken over one of the most magnificent buildings in the city. It was formerly a famous gambling resort, I am told. Here they have library, reading and writing rooms, theatre, a canteen, a movie hall, a billiard room with all sorts of games. All kinds of sports such as baseball, swimming, tennis, boxing and fishing can be had. Every day there are excursions on the lake and through the mountains. Everything is free or when charge is made it is very small. I feel that I can safely say that in the last six weeks I have been in Hell-on-Earth and in Heaven as far as France is concerned.

Doubtless you have seen in the papers that we have been pretty busy the last three months. Otherwise I

would have written more often. In the last three months I have seen a lot. It has been terrible at times yet wonderful, but always we have been comforted by the fact that we gave more than we received. "Heaven. Hell or Hoboken before Christmas," has been the cry.

As I mentioned before I am enjoying life. Can you imagine it? Laying abed until ten in the morning! Being out among the bright lights until the "we sma" hours. The majority of the men here are those who work in the Service of Supply in back of the front lines. They travel around here all dolled up in their tailor-made suits, leather puttees, and tan shoes and with a campaign hat tilted on their heads.

Those of us who are in from the line look like scarecrows beside them. We wear an old overseas cap which has been worn and crumpled under a steel helmet until it abso-

lutely refuses to set on our heads correctly. Our shirts and trousers are apt to be almost anything but tailor-made and clean while our wrap leggins are in most cases refuges taken from some salvage pile. Then our feet are encased in our dearly beloved, never to be forgotten or discarded unwearoutable hob-nail shoes, which know the roads of France like a Blue Book.

Although they rank us on books we rank them in comfort and they will never know how to appreciate the place as much as we do. A week in this place is worth more than four months on the line and you know they say a man appreciates a thing more when he has to get out and earn it.

As ever, your brother,

JIM.

Pvt., First Class James H. Abbott,
Med. Dept., 12th F. A., A. E. F.,
France.

The Crow



Caw! Caw! Caw!

We have now entered, not only a new, but peaceful year. Let us all do our best, by turning over a new leaf. Make the year one thousand nine hundred and nineteen a memorable one; not only for our own good, but as a

record for the coming years to build on.

During the week of the United War Work Campaign I was busy puzzling away as to what I could do to help in this great work. But as the days passed and the week came to an end I heard that the Y. M. & W. C. A's were going to give a joint social and I soon found that I could be of use. I don't believe a social of its kind has ever been held here be-

fore. It was a money making scheme from beginning to end. The boys made four booths and the girls decorated them, one each, in red, yellow, green and purple. Lemonade, popcorn and kisses were sold, at the yellow and purple booths, while fancy work (that students had brought in and freely given) was displayed at the green booth.

The stores of Derry generously contributed to the cause by giving us articles, which were done up and put in the pond to be fished out by various fishermen.

In the meantime an orchestra provided music, for those desiring to dance. At intermission boxes of candy and other articles were auctioned off and the evening was thus spent for the benefit of the United War Work Campaign who received the proceeds from this social.

Did you attend the supper given by the agricultural boys? If not you missed the vegetables, for it was a vegetable supper, followed by a social evening.

The last social held before the Christmas holidays was that of the Critic. An unusual crowd was present and very much appreciated by the Critic Board. Lemonade, peanuts, and candy were on sale, while music was provided for.

It was the first school Friday in the new year, and things were rather quiet, nothing had been said about a social event for the evening and I was wondering what I could

do for amusement. I finally decided to attend the church supper at the Village. While I was there I heard some of the Seniors say they were in a hurry to get to school so I inquired to find what was going on. I learned the Seniors were having a Private Social so I wasted as little time as possible and hurried to the hall where I found a good gathering present. At first sight of the girls I thought of the Kid party, but I soon found it to be a false alarm. The program for the evening was rather an unusual one, beginning with a Virginia Reel, followed by such numbers as a Lemon Squeeze Broom Waltz, Eagle Dip, Startled Fawn, Kitchen Sink Slip, Peruvian Galoo, Scrambled Egg, and the Chicken Slide closed the evening program. Ice cream and cookies were served as refreshments and a most enjoyable time was experienced by all.

The next social event of this year was the Senior Play and such a success as was never dreamed of. I don't believe one person present felt his money foolishly spent and I'm sure the Senior Class feel real proud and rich for their success.

Friday, January 31, a surprise social was held in honor of Miss Marguerite Clark, our music instructor, who is going to New Jersey to carry on her work in a wider field. One of the Senior boys, Archie Hepworth, made a speech in behalf of the whole school presenting Miss Clark with a chafing dish. Ice cream

was served and dancing was enjoyed by all. were given and after many good-byes.

At ten o'clock rousing cheers Caw! Caw! Caw!

P. A. Roll of Honor.

(Rank of Students')

All A's Highest Honors.

Miss Clark, Gr.
Euslin '19
Miss Reynolds '19
Miss Rogers '19
Miss Stockdale '19
Miss Wallis '19
Miss Sefton '21

All A's and B's Honors.

Miss E. Bean, Gr.
Bergeron '19
Miss M. Cogswell '19
Colby '19
Miss L. Fullonton '19
Miss E. Goldsmith '19
A. Hepworth '19
Miss C. Maguire '19
Miss Swain '19
Miss Sylvester '19
Miss Worledge '19
Miss Alexander '20
Miss Garland '20
Miss Mitchell '20
Neal '20
Miss M. Bidwell '21
Miss M. Chase '21
Miss Colby '21
Emerson '21
Miss M. George '21
Miss Hogan '21
Miss C. Martin '21
Miss Sanborn '21
Miss E. Sargeant '21
Miss R. Smith '21

Miss H. Wilson '21
Miss Annis '22
Boyden '22
Miss A. Colby '22
Dicey '22
Miss Frost '22
Miss Holton '22
Miss Lupein '22
Pillsbury '22
Miss Rand '22
A. Reynolds '22
Miss Tabberah '22

1C Honorable Mention.

Miss Boldue '19
Miss R. Boyden '19
Miss B. Davis '19
Miss Madden '19
Martin '19
Miss Martin '19
M. Robie '19
Watson '19
Miss J. Welles '19
Miss Aiken '20
Miss Berry '20
Garland '20
Goodrich '20
Miss L. Maguire '20
Miss Tewksbury '20
Miss M. Cogswell '21
J. Colby '21
Corning '21
Miss V. Davis '21
Miss Dickey '21
Oakes '21

R. Stearns '21
Miss K. Bartlett '21
Miss Durette '22
Miss Gillispie '22
Miss Gove '22

Miss Havens '22
Miss Kerr '22
Parks '22
Miss Pontius '22
Miss A. Smith '22
Miss Stearns '22

The Conversion

Will Andrews placed his hat on the seat beside him and removed his light overcoat, conscious of his new suit. The suit was dark-brown, and he realized it would make a good impression on Edith. He leaned back in his seat and listened to the voluntary. It was played by a man who had spent many years in its study, and was a fine theme by a famous musician. Lulled by its dreamy quality the boy turned his attention to the outside world.

Inside the shadows playing hide-and-seek with the sun shine. Across the open window darted a blue-jay, and in the distance the faint, hoarse cry of a crow sounded in the still Sabbath air. The music ceased, and the minister stood up to read the chapter from which his text was to be taken. Suddenly a more forceful intonation of the minister's voice attracted Will's wandering attention.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve. . . ."

The pastor went on to the close of the chapter. Will heard no more. The words he had just heard would allow no other subject in his mind at the same time. His eyes fixed themselves on the spot of sunshine in the

aisle. He started! Sunshine? It was God's sunshine! He looked thoughtfully out through the window and grasped the startling thought that God had made all that he could see, clouds, trees, water, grass,

The choir was singing now, what were their words?

"The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, yea, and they that dwell therein,"

It was true, strange that he had never thought of that before! The prayer was being finished, and it was the prayer of a strong man who has known his Maker for many years, and rejoices in his God-giving strength. The minister had been praying for help today, he had felt as though he had needed it, for he was discouraged. But now, he was discouraged no longer, he had received what he had wanted, and he closed the plea for help with triumphant joy.

His audience, with one exception listened as in duty bound, critical or otherwise, with their thoughts on their Sunday dinner, or on their clothes. Will listened as if he had never heard the Gospel before. In front of his eyes had come the vision

of the flaming torch that had come down the centuries, growing brighter and brighter. With eager, grasping hands he caught it, and clasped it tight, never to let it go. For him there would never be any obstacles that he could not either overcome or cheerfully forego, with his Master's help.

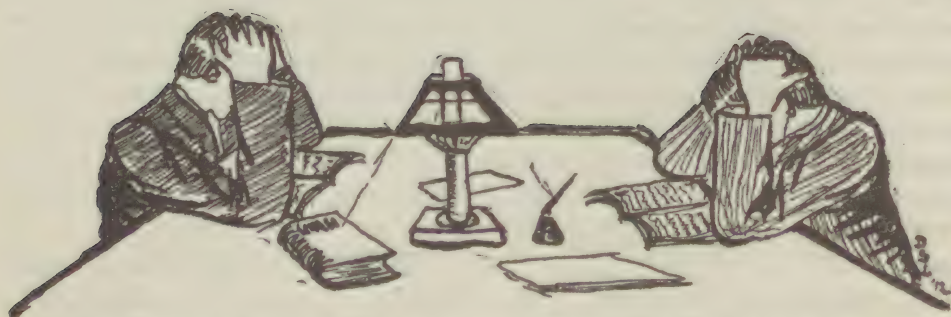
He wondered if everyone felt the

same way. They couldn't. It would be impossible. The minister closed the sermon, with his hands outspread.

"And now, brethren, let us depart in peace."

The audience rose with soft bustle and chatter, and went out. Will went also, but he felt that he had been at the table of the Lord, and he went out in peace.

GRINDS



I wonder why Reynolds '22 is so interested in the Freshmen in Room 8?

A. G. '20 reading Julius Caesar:

Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor. I am Cinna. (A sinner.)

I wonder when the Freshman boys will wake up?—Unknown.

M. H. History I. "What about the vegetation of the Arabian desert?"

J. U. '22. "The Arabian desert ain't got any education."

O. R. '21 (Telling the different ways of producing electricity)—"and combing your hair with a comb."

R. C. '19. "What would you comb it with, a rake?"

Soph. "You look sick, are you?"

Fresh. "Yes."

Soph. "Where do you feel the worst?"

Fresh. "In school."

M. A. '20. To Miss F. about a French story: "What makes her so sarcastic?"

E. P. '20. "She's his wife."

R. McA. '20 and E. A. '20 talking to Mr. R. about the next algebra lesson:

Mr. R. "Oh my stars!"

E. A. "We are that—in algebra!"

M. B. '20. "Oh I found my brains."

M. B. '21. "I never knew you had any."

V. Welles '22 to Mr. R.—"Now in Latin habeo means to have or to hold. Do you think it would be all right to use that verb for 'has?'"

In French II.

Miss F. (very sweetly) to W. C. '20 (playing with an inkwell) "Put up your rattle."

At a Senior Play Rehearsal:

Miss F. to C. M. '19: "He is supposed to blow you a kiss as he goes out."

C. M. "Oh I don't know how to blow kisses."

V. Welles '22. "Does pilum mean pill?"

Miss C. reading Spanish: "Buenos noches."

E. L. '20: "The good boys."

Heard in the 1920 class:

First Girl: "Say, did you know L. B. '19 had a crush on you?"

Second Girl: "Honest? Why don't he show it?"

A. H. '19 French III translating:

"Quand une La Seigliere tombe"—

"When a La Seigliere is in a tomb."

M. B. '20: "Doesn't Cross look nice with that green necktie?"

E. A. '20: "Yes, real Christmassy."

No names mentioned:

"Brad sings bass, Loren sings tenor, and the rest of the girls sing soprano."

Miss F. to R. R. '20, who is chewing a match: "Don't die now, I don't want my class disturbed."

M. B. '21 to R. W. '20: You should never hand anything to anyone facing them."

R. W. (turning his back and handing her a pencil) "All right then."

Miss T. (to Lucy B. '19 and M. A. '19 rattling some papers: "Are you eating your lunch?"

L. L. '19: "If you are, pass it round."

Mr. W. English II: "What form of 'I love' would you use?"

M. H. '21: "I am determined to love you"

Mr. R. Hist IV:

"Watson, are you in the play?"

F. W. '19: "Yes, I pull the curtain."

Mr. W.: "Let's begin with a boy, Aiken!"

Mr. R. Lat. III: "This is the end of the lesson, is it not?"

S. G. '20: "Yes'm."

Miss C, Spanish I, illustrating the word "sick" by rocking back and forth, "What was I illustrating?"

W. C. '20: "Drunk."

Miss C.: "Oh, talk sense."

B. B. '20: "Seasick."

An Irishman and a Scotchman were working together on the docks in Liverpool, when somehow the Scotchman slipped and fell into the water, and being unable to swim, called to Pat.

"Pat, Pat, will you drop me a line?"

"Wat's the use, Scotchy?" said Pat. "Shore there's no postoffice where you're going."

Father: "Were your teachers at school satisfied with your first semester?"

Fresh: "Were they! They liked me so well that they encored it."

Cobie kissed her on the cheek,

It seemed a harmless frolic,

Now he's been laid up for a week,

They say it's painter's colic.

"I suppose you can see the city from the top of this hill on a fine day," said the visitor.

"Oh, you can see farther than that," was the reply. "On a fine night you can see the moon from here."

Here are some statements found

on death certificates:

"Went to bed feeling well but woke up dead."

"Died suddenly at the age of 103. Up to this time he bid fair to reach a ripe old age."

"Died suddenly; nothing serious."

"Died because he was kicked by a horse on left kidney."

"Deceased died from blood poison caused by a broken ankle which is remarkable because the automobile struck him between the lamp and radiator."

Teacher: "Translate the next passage, Opassi graviora—"

Pupil: "O, pass the gravy."

Little Archie: "Mother, was Robinson Crusoe an acrobat?"

Mother: "I don't know. Why?"

Little Archie: "Well, here it reads that after he had finished his day's work he sat down on his chest."

A green little freshie, in a green little way,

Some chemicals mixed, just for fun, one day;

And the green little grasses now tenderly wave,

O'er the green little freshie's green little grave.

The Farmer: "Say, don't you see that sign: 'Private! No Fishing Allowed?'"

The Fisherman: "I never read anything marked 'Private.'"

"Have you a circulating library?"

"No, ma'am; but I can show you some nice revolving bookcases."

"So your poor 'usband is up 'ittin' the 'arps wit the angels now."

"Not 'im. H's most likely 'ittin' the angels wit the 'arps."

Oh! That I were where I would be,
There would I be where I am not but
here.

I am where I must be, and where I
would be I cannot be.

Mademoiselle Josephine Luretta De Welles, the famous advisor in affairs of the heart, wishes to express her hearty appreciation for the kind patronage of the following: Misses Swain, Maguire and Robie, Messrs. Hepworth, Swain and Hartop.

Mme. De Welles wishes to assure her patrons that she will continue to handle her large business in a satisfactory manner. She has an entirely new stock on hand at present. Blonds are reasonable at this time of the year. For special information call at room 6, between 11.15 and 11.30 A. M.

General: "Have you ever smelt powder?"

New Recruit: "Yes sir."

General: "Where?"

New Recruit: "On my sweetheart's face."

A celebrated vocalist was in a motor-car accident one day. A paper, after recording the accident, said, "We are happy to state that he was able to appear the following evening in three pieces."

The Wife: "Don't let me catch you flirting."

The Husband: "No, dear, never again. That's the way you did catch me, you know."

Senior (spying Freshie with very thin neck): "I'll bet you wear twelve collars."

Freshie: "Yes, but not all at one time."

History of Knitting

In 1551 the first needles, coarse wire things, appeared in England. Some say they were introduced from Spain, others from Scotland. Queen Elizabeth wore the first pair of stockings ever knitted.

The first knitting machine was invented by William Lee of Wooborrough, England. He worked on his invention three years, spurred on by the refusal of the girl he loved to look or speak to him because she was too absorbed in her knitting. He vowed to make a machine that would

take the needles from her hand. At last he envolved a flat frame, the web being flat where the stocking was completed, making it necessary to seam the finish product by hand. Lee died penniless in France, and the girl married another man but his knitting frame was used almost without change until 1831, when Timothy Bailey of Albany, N. Y., applied power to it. Previously all knitting had been done by hand. The flat web remained in use until 1850, when J. B. Aiken of Buffalo invented

a machine that turned out the stocking round. He was so pleased with his invention, which at once revolutionized the factory products, that he went further, and invented a machine for doing the family knitting at home.

In a circular, he issued at that date, he said, "My family machine will make it possible for the house-

wife to do all her own knitting and earn a little money knitting for her neighbors. It will knit gents' underwear, gents' cravats, gents' suspenders, ladies' opera capes, tidies, sontages, shawls, unbran scarfs, rigolets. Grandmother's occupation is gone."

E. PAQUET.



Exchanges

We acknowledge gratefully the following:

Lawrence High School Bulletin,
Lawrence High School,
Lawrence, Mass.

Thanks, and we can return the compliment by saying that your paper is a fine appearing one.

The Sassamon,
Natick High School,
Natick, Mass.

The athletic department certainly gives some idea of your football ability. The little poems by E. M. K. were clever as well as "Buddies instead of Sammies." But where are your exchanges?

The Forester,
Dallas, Texas.

Too much cannot be said in praise of "The Forester," for it is certainly an excellent paper, so full of vim and life from cover to cover.

Think

"Be not merely good, be good for something."

Thoreau.

"If you wish to be well spoken of, learn to speak well of others."

Epictetus

"If a man would have friends, he must show himself friendly."

"The surest way to be happy is to be busy."

"It is not where we are, but what we are that determines our happiness."

"Most of the shadows of this life are caused by standing in our own sunshine."

Emerson.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you

Kick and you kick alone;

For a cheerful grin will let you in

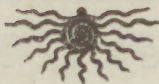
Where a kicker was never known.

Believe in yourself, believe in humanity,

Believe in the success of your undertakings.

Fear nothing and no one, Love your work.

Work, hope and trust. Keep in touch with today. Teach yourself to be practical, up-to-date, and sensible. You cannot fail.



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